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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The World and the Child

otherwise

Mundus & Infans

Date of this the Earliest Known Edition, 1522
[*Trinity College, Dublin*]

Written (*it is supposed*) *c.* 1500–6

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1909

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The World and the Child

otherwise

Mundus & Infans

1522

Issued for Subscribers by

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET

LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH

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The World and the Child

otherwise

Mundus & Infans

1522

This is the first time "The World and the Child" has been reproduced in facsimile; and it may also be said, for the first time is a scholarly reprint text possible where access to the original is difficult. Hazlitt was woefully out of the running, and my own, in the "Early English Drama Series," was little, if anything, better. The value of the present re-issue is obvious.

Only a single copy of any edition whatsoever is known: that from which this facsimile has been taken, and which is now in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin.

As will be seen, this copy was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1522, *but the date of composition is probably* circa 1500–6.

Mr. Fleming, the technical photographer in charge of this series, is not directly responsible for the present volume. The reproduction was, however, carried out under his supervision, at a distance, and he informs me that under the circumstances the best that could be done has been done. The first set of plates was rejected, and the worst that can be said of the second set is detailed hereunder. To my mind the obvious deduction is that I personally, my publishers, and our

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subscribers are under deep obligations for the care, skill, and technical knowledge which Mr. Fleming has brought to bear upon this series generally, now rapidly approaching completion.

And this reminds me that I, as the general editor, will esteem suggestions and criticisms with a view to another and more general selection to follow. By "more general" I mean rarities and desiderata not necessarily confined to our old drama, of which, however, there are many items that still require doing badly.

To return to Mr. Fleming's criticism of the reproduction of "The World and the Child": he reports that he sent proofs of the four worst pages to the Trinity Librarian, whose remarks I give infra. *Generally speaking, Mr. Fleming says the proofs are wonderfully good, considering the negatives; and that, had the Librarian's report been unfavourable, he would have stopped the work. The "faults" are those inherent to old work of this character, which might have been remedied to some but not to an appreciable extent had he undertaken the actual manipulation of the plates.*

The pages selected as the worst were as follows, and I give the Trinity Librarian's remarks verbatim:—

Title-page: "*The definition is quite as good as in the original. The defective letters at top are all defective in original, owing to injury to paper. The contrast between second and third ornaments on right is exactly reproduced.*"

A. ij. verso *and* [A. iv. verso]: "*The printing of the* recto *pages as seen through paper is stronger in the original. These are excellent prints. The blurring in letters is everywhere caused by yellow spots in original.*"

A. iij. recto : " *The last half-dozen lines in this print are a little weak, but so is original in a slightly lesser degree. This page appears much cleaner owing to elimination of yellow spots. The printing of the* verso *is not visible here at all, but is quite plain in original.*"

Mr. Fleming remarks thereon : " *This refers to printing on other side, the result being due to negative being much over-exposed ; this also accounts for elimination of the yellow spots mentioned, which is perhaps an improvement.*"

JOHN S. FARMER.

Here begynneth a proper newe Interlude of the Worlde and the chylde / otherwyse called [Mundus & Infans] & it sheweth of the estate of Chyldehode and Manhode.

Mundus.

BIBLIOTHECA
COLL. SS. TRIN.
IUXTA DUBLIN.

Syrs leace of your sawes what so befall
And loke ye bow bonerly to my byddyng
For I am ruler of realmes I warne you
And ouer all bodys I am kynge (all
For I am kynge and well knowen in these
I haue also paleys rpyght (realmes rounde
I haue stedes in stable stal worthe and stronge
Also stretes and strondes full strongely pdyght
For all the storlde wyde I wote well is my name
All rychelle redely it renneth in me
All pleasure worldely bothe myrthe and game
My selfe semely in sale I sende with you to be
For I am the worlde I warne you all
Prynce of powere and of plente
He that cometh not whan I do hym call
I shall hym smyte with pouerte
For pouerte I parte in many a place
To them that wyll not obedyent be
I am a kynge in euery case
Me thynketh I am a god of grace
The floure of bertu folowyth me
Lo here I sette semely in se
I commaunde you all obedyent be
And with fre wyll ye folowe me

Infans

Cryst our kynge graūte you clerly to know ꝑ case
To meue of this mater that is in my mynde
Clerely declare it cryst graunte me grace
Now semely syrs beholde on me
How mankynde doth begynne
I am a chylde as you may se
Eoten in game and in grete synne
Wekes my moder me founde

Flesh and blode my love was tho
Whan I was rype from her to sounde
In perill of dethe we stode bothe two
Dowm to seke dethe I must begyn
For to passe that strayte passage
For body and soule that shall than twynne
And make a partynge of that mariage
Fourty wekes I was frely fedde
Within my moders possessyon
Full oft of dethe she was adred
Whan that I sholde parte her from
Now in to the worlde she hathe me sent
Poore and naked as ye may se
I am not worthely wrapped nor went
But powerly pycked in pouerte
Now in to the worlde wyll I wende
Some comforte of hym for to craue
All hayle comely crowned kynge
God that all made you se and saue

Mundus

Welcome fayre chylde what is thy name

Infans

I wote not syr without en blame
But ofte tyme my moder in her game
Called me dalyaunce

Mundus

Dalyaunce my swete chylde
It is a name that is ryght wylde
For whan thou wayest olde
It is a name of no substaunce
But my fayre chylde what woldest thou haue

Infans

Syr of some comforte I you craue
Mete and clothe my lyfe to saue

And I your true seruaunt shall be

Mundus

Now fayre chylde I graunte the thyne askynge
I wyll the fynde whyle thou art yinge
So thou wylte be obedyent to my byddynge
These garmentes gaye I gyue to the
And also I gyue to the a name
And clepe the wanton in euery game
Tyll .xiij. yere be come and gone
And than come agayne to me

Wanton

Gramercy worlde for myne araye
For now I purpose me to playe

Mundus

Fare well fayre chylde and haue good daye
All ryche lesnesse is kynde for the

Wanton

A ha wanton is my name
I can many a quaynte game
Lo my toppe I dryue in same
See it tourneth rounde
I can with my scorge stycke
My felowe vpon the heed hytte
And wyghtly from hym make a skyppe
And blere on hym my tonge
If brother or syster do me chyde
I wyll scratche and also byte
I can crye and also kyke
And mocke them all be rewe
If fader or mother wyll me smyte
I wyll wrynge with my lyppe
And lyghtly from hym make a skyppe
And call my dame shrewe
A ha a newe game haue I founde

Se this gynnne it renneth rounde
And here another haue I founde
And yet mo can I fynde
I can mowe on a man
And make a lesynge well I can
And mayntayne it ryght well than
This connynge came me of kynde
Ye syrs I can well gelde a snayle
And catche a cowe by the tayle
This is a fayre connynge
I can daunce and also skyppe
I can playe at the chery pytte
And I can wystell you a fytte
Syres in a whylowe ryne
Ye syrs and euery daye
Whan I to scole shall take the waye
Some good mannes gardyn I wyll assaye
Perys and plommes to plucke
I can spye a sparowes nest
I wyll not go to scole but whan me lest
For there begynneth a sory fest
Whan the mayster sholde lyfte my docke
But syrs whan I was seuen yere of age
I was sent to the worlde to take wage
And this seuen yere I haue ben his page
And kept his commaundement
Now I wyll wende to the worlde ẏ worthy emperour
Hayle lorde of grete honour
This .vij. yere I haue serued you in hall ⁊ in boure
With all my trewe entent

Mundus

¶ Now welcome wanton my derlynge dere
A newe name I shall gyue the here
Loue lust lykynge in fere

Mundus ⁊ Infans

These thy names they shall be
All game and gle and gladnes
All loue longynge in lewdnes
This seuen yere forsake all sadnes
And than come agayne to me

Lust & Lykynge

A ha now lust and lykynge is my name
I am as freshe as flourys in maye
I am semely shapen in same
And proudely appereldе in garmentes gaye
My lokes ben full louely to a ladyes eye
And in loue longynge my harte is sore sette
Myght I fynde a fode that were fayre and fre
To lye in hell tell domysdaye for soure I wolde not let
My loue for towynne
All game and gle
All mythe and melodye
All reuell and ryotte
And of bost wyll I neuer blynne
But lyrs now I am. xix. wynter olde
Iwys I ware wonder bolde
Now I wyll go to the worlde
A heyghter scyence to assaye
For the worlde wyll me auaunce
I wyll kepe his gouernaunce
His plesynge wyll I praye
For he is a kynge in all substaunce
All hayle mayster full of myght
I haue you serued bothe day and nyght
Now I comen as I you behyght
One and twenty wynter is comen and gone

Mundus

Now welcome loue lust and lykynge
For thou hast ben obedyent to my byddynge

I encreace the in all thynge
And myghtly I make the a man
Manhode myghty shall be thy name
Bere the prest in euery game
And wayte well that thou suffre no shame
Neyther for londe nor for rente
Yf ony man welde wayte the with blame
Withstonde hym with thy hole entent
Full sharpely thou bete hym to shame
With doughtynesse of dede
For of one thynge manhode I warne the
I am moost of bounte
For seuen kynges sewen me
Bothe by daye and nyght
One of them is the kynge of pryde
The kynge of enuy doughty in dede
The kynge of wrathe that boldely wyll abyde
For mykyll is his myght
The kynge of couetous is the fourte
The fyfte kynge he hyght slouthe
The kynge of glotony hath no Jolyte
There pouerte is pyght
Lechery is the seuenth kynge
All men in hym haue grete delytynge
Therfore worshyp hym aboue all thynge
Manhode with all thy myght

Manhode

Yes syr kynge without lesynge
It shall be wrought
Had I knowynge of the fyrst kynge without lesynge
Well Joyen I mought

Mundus

The fyrste kynge hyght pryde

Manhode

¶ A lorde with hym fayne wolde I byde

Mundus

¶ Ye but woldest thou serue hym truely in euery tyde

Manhode

¶ Ye syr and therto my trouthe I plyght
That I shall truely pryde prysent
I swere by sayne Thomas of kent
To serue hym truely is myn entent
With mayne and all my myght

Mundus

¶ Now manhode I wyll araye the newe
In robes ryall ryght of good hewe
And I praye the pryncypally be trewe
And here I dubbe the a knyght
And haunte alwaye to chyualry
I gyue the grace and also beaute
Golde and syluer grete plente
Of the wronge to make the ryght

Manhode

Gramercy worlde and emperour
Gramercy worlde and gouernoure
Gramercy comforte in all coloure
And now I take my leue fare well

Mundus

¶ Farewell manhode my gentyll knyght
Fare well my sone semely in syght
I gyue the a swerde & also strength and myght
In batayle boldly to bere the well

Manhode

Now I am dubbed a knyght hende
Wonder wyde shall waxe my fame
To seke aduentures now wyll I wende
To please the worlde in gle and game

Mundus

¶ Lo syrs I am a prynce peryllous yprobyde
I preuyd full peryllous and pethely I pyght
As a lorde in eche londe I am belouyd
Myne eyen do shyne as lanterne bryght
I am a creature comely out of care
Emperours and kynges they knele to my kne
Euery man is a ferde whan I do on hym stare
For all mery medell erthe maketh mencyon of me
Yet all is at my hande werke both by downe & by dale
Bothe the see and the lande and foules that fly
And I were ones moued I tell you in tale
There durst do sterre stere that stondeth in the sky
For I am lorde and leder so that in londe
All boweth to my byddynge bonerly aboute
Who ẏ styreth wͭ ony stryfe or wayteth me with wrōge
I shall myghtly make hym to stamer & stowpe
For I am rychest in myne araye
I haue knyghtes and Toures
I haue ladyes bryghtest in bourys
Now wyll I fare on these flourys
Lordynges haue good daye.

Manhode

¶ Peas now peas ye felowes all aboute
Peas now and herken to my sawes
For I am lorde bothe stalworthy and stowte
All londes are ledde by my lawes
Baron was there neuer borne that so well hym bare
A better ne a bolde nor a bryghter of ble
For I haue myght & mayne ouer countrees fare
And manhode myghty am I named in euery coūtre
For Salerne and samers and ynde the loys
Caleys kente & cornewayle I haue conquered clene
Pycardye and Pountes and gentyll artoys
Florence Flaunders and Fraūce & also Gascoyne

All I haue conquered as a knyght
There is no emperour so kene
That dare me lyghtly tene
For lyues and lymmes I lene
So mykyll is my myght
For I haue boldely blode full pyteously dyspylde
There many hath lefte fyngers & fete both heed & face
I haue done harme on hedes & knyghtes haue I kyld
And many a lady for my loue hath sayd alas
Bygaunt Ernys I haue beten to backe & to bonys
And beten also many a grome to grounde
Brestplates I haue beten as Steuen was wt stonys
So fell a fyghter in a felde was there neuer yfounde
To me no man is makyde
For manhode myghty that is my name
Many a lorde haue I do lame
Wonder wyde walketh my fame
And many a kynges crowne haue I crakyd
I am worthy and wyght wytty and wyse
I am ryall arayde to reuen vnder the ryse
I am proudely apareld in purpure and byse
As golde I glyster in gere
I am styffe stronge stalworthe and stoute
I am the ryallest redely that renneth in this route
There is no knyght so grysly that I drede nor dout
For I am so doughtly dyght ther may no dint me dere
And ye kynge of pryde full prest w all his proude flens
And ye kynge of lechery louely his letters hath me sent
And the kynge of wrathe full wordely w all his entent
They wyll me mayntayne w mayne & all their myght
The kynge of couetous and the kynge of glotony
The kynge of slouthe and the kynge of Enuy
All those sende me their leuery
Where is now so worthy a wyght

A wyght
ye as a wyght wytty
Here in this sete sytte I
For no loues lette I
Here for to sytte

Conscyence

CCryst as he is crowned kynge
Saue all this comely company
And graunte you all his dere blessynge
That bouerly bought you on the roode tre
Now praye you prestly on enery syde
To god omnypotent
To set our enemy sharpely on syde
That is the deuyll and his couent
And all men to haue a clere knowynge
Of heuen blysse that hye toure
Me thynke it is a nessarye thynge
For yonge and olde bothe ryche and pore
Poore conscyence for to knowe
For conscyence clere it is my name
Conscyence counsepleth both hye and lowe
And conscyence comenly bereth grete blame
Blame
ye and oftentymes set in shame
Wherfore I rede you men bothe in ernest & in game
Conscyence that ye knowe
For I knowe all the mysterys of man
They be as symple as they can
And in euery company where I come
Conscyence is out cast
All the worlde dothe conscyence hate
Mankynde and conscyence ben at debate
For yf mankynde myght conscyence take
My body wolde they walk

Brast ye and warke me moche wo

Manhode

Say how felowe who gaue the leue this way to go
What wenest thou I dare not come the to
Say thou harlot whyder in hast

Conscyence

What let me go syr I knowe you nought

Manhode

No bychyde brothell thou shalte be taught
For I am a knyght and I were sought
The worlde hath auaunced me

Conscyence

Why good syr knyght what is your name

Manhode

Manhode myghty in myrthe and in game
All powere of pryde haue I tane
I am as gentyll as Jay on tre

Conscyence

Syr thoughe the worlde haue you to mãhode brought
To mayntayne maner ye were neuer taught
No conscyence clere ye knowe ryght nought
And this longeth to a knyght

Manhode

Conscyence what the deuyll man is he

Conscyence

Syr a techer of the spyrytualete

Manhode

Spyrytualyte what the deuyll may that be

Conscyence

Syr all that be leders in to lyght

Manhode

Lyght ye but herke felowe yet lyght fayne wolde I se

Conscyence

Wyll ye so syr knyght than do after me

Manhode

Tye and it to prydes pleasynge be
I wyll take thy techynge

Conscyence

Nay syr beware of pryde and couetyse
For pryde lucyfer fell in to hell
Tyll domysdaye ther shall he dwell
Without en onyout comynge
For pryde syr is but a vayne glorye

Manhode

Peas thou brothell and lette thyse wordes be
For the worlde and pryde hath auaunced me
To me men lewte full lowe

Conscyence

And to beware of pryde syr I wolde counsayll you
And thynke on kynge robert of cycell
How he for pryde in grete pouerte fell
For he wolde not conscyence knowe

Manhode

Tye conscyence go forthe thy waye
For I loue pryde and wyll go gaye
All thy techynge is not worthe a straye
For pryde clepe I my kynge

Conscyence

Syr there is no kynge but god alone
That bodely bought vs with payne and passyon
Bycause of mannes soule redempcyon
In Scrypture thus we fynde

Manhode

Saye conscyence syth ꝑ woldest haue pryde fro me
What sayest thou by the kynge of lechery
With all mankynde he must be
And with hym I loue to lynge

Conscyence

¶ Nay manhode that may not be
From lechery fast you fle
For in combraunce it wyll brynge the
And all that to hym wyll lynde

Manhode

¶ Saye conscyence of the kynge of slouthe
He hath behyght me mykell trouthe
And I may not forsake hym for ruthe
For with hym I thynke to rest

Conscyence

Manhode in scrypture thus we fynde
That slouthe is a traytour to heuen kynge
Syr knyght yf you wyll kepe your kynge
Krome slouthe clene you cast

Manhode

Say conscyence the kynge of glotonye
He sayth he wyll not for sake me
And I purpose his saruaunt to be
With mayne and all my myght

Conscyence

¶ Thynke manhode on substaunce
And put out glotonye for combraunce
And kepe with you good gouernaunce
For this longeth to a knyght

Manhode

¶ What conscyence frome all my maysters ẏ woldel
But I wyll neuer forsake enuy (haue m
For he is kynge of company
Bothe with more and lasse

Conscyence

¶ Nay manhode that may not be
And ye wyll cherysshe enuy
God wyll not well pleased be
To comforte you in that case

Manhode

Ey/ey from fyue kynges thou hast counseyled me
But from the kynge of wrathe I wyll neuer fle
For he is in euery dede doughty
For hym dare no man rowte

Conscyence

¶ Nay manhode beware of wrathe
For it is but superfluyte that cometh and goeth
Ye and all men his company hateth
For ofte they stonde in doubte

Manhode

¶ Fye on the false flaterynge frere
Thou shalte rewe the tyme that thou came here
The deuyll mote set the on a fyre
That euer I with the mete
For thou counseylest me from all gladnes
And wolde me set vnto all ladnes
But or thou brynge me in this madnes
The deuyll breke thy necke
But syr frere euyll mote thou thye
Frome. vi. kynges thou hast counseyled me
But that daye shall thou neuer se
To counsayll me frome couetous

Conscyence

¶ No syr I wyll not you from couetous brynge
For couetous I clepe a kynge
Syr couetous in good doynge
Is good in all wyse
But syr knyght wyll ye do after me
And couetous your kynge shall be

Manhode

¶ Ye syr my trouthe I plyght to the
That I wyll warke at thy wyll

Conscyence

Manhode wyll ye by this worde stande

Manhode

Ye conscyence here my hande
I wyll neuer from it fonge
Neyther loude ne styll

Conscyence

Manhode ye must loue god aboue all thynge
His name in ydelnes ye may not mynge
Kepe your holy daye from worldly doynge
your fader and moder worshyppe aye
Coueyte ye to se no man
Ne do no lechery with no woman
your neyboures good take not be no waye
And all false wytnesse ye must denaye
Neyther ye must not coucte no mannes wyfe
Nor no good that hym belythe
This couetys shall kepe you out of stryfe
These ben the commaundementes ten
Mankynde and ye these commaundementes kepe
Heuen blysse I you behete
For crystes commaundementes all full swete
And full necessary to all men

Manhode

What conscyence is this thy counsell

Conscyence

Ye manhode in all wyse
And coueyte to crystes scrupse
Bothe to matyns and to masse
ye must manhode with all your myght
Mayntayne holy chyrches ryght
For this longeth to a knyght
Playnly in euery place

Manhode

What conscyence sholde I leue all game and gle

Conscyence

May manhode so mote I thye
ll myrthe in measure is good for the
ut syr measure is in all thynge

Manhode

easure conscyence what thynge may measure be

Conscyence

Syr kepe you in charyte
nd from all eupll company
or doubte of foly doynge

Manhode

Folye/what thynge callest thou folye

Conscyence

Syr it is Pryde Wrathe and Enuy
Slouthe Couetous and Glotonye
Lechery the seuente is
These seuen synnes I call folye

Manhode

what thou lyest to this
Seuen the worlde delyuered me
And sayd they were kynges of grete beaute
And most of mayne and myghtes
But yet I praye the syr tell me
Maye I not go arayde honestly

Conscyence

yes manhode hardely
In all maner of degre

Manhode

But I must haue sportynge of playe

Conscyence

Sykerly manhode I say not naye
But good gouernaunce kepe bothe nyght and daye
And mayntayne mekenes and all mercy

Manhode

Conſcyence

Nay manhode ſo mote I thye
All myrthe in meaſure is good for the
But ſyr meaſure is in all thynge

Manhode

Meaſure conſcyence what thynge may meaſure be

Conſcyence

Syr kepe you in charyte
And from all euyll company
For doubte of foly doynge

Manhode

Folye/what thynge calleſt thou folye

Conſcyence

Syr it is Pryde Wrathe and Enuy
Slouthe Couetous and Glotonye
Lechery the ſeuente is
Theſe ſeuen ſynnes I call folye

Manhode

What thou lyeſt to this
Seuen the worlde delyuered me
And ſayd they were kynges of grete beaute
And moſt of mayne and myghtes
But yet I praye the syr tell me
Maye I not go arayde honeſtly

Conſcyence

Yes manhode hardely
In all maner of degre

Manhode

But I muſt haue ſportynge of playe

Conſcyence

Sykerly manhode I ſay not naye
But good gouernaunce kepe bothe nyght and daye
And mayntayne mekenes and all mercy

Manhode

¶ All mercy conscyence what may that be
Conscyence
¶ Syr all dyscrecyon that god gaue the
Manhode
¶ Dyscrellyon I know not so mote I the
Conscyence
¶ Syr it is all the wyttes that god hathe you sende
Manhode
¶ A conscyence/conscyence now I knowe and se
Thy cunnynge is moche more than myne
But yet I praye the syr tell me
What is moost necessary for man in euery tyme
Conscyence
¶ Syr in euery tyme beware of folye
Folye is full of false flaterynge
In what occupacyon that euer ye be
Alwaye or ye begyn thynke on the endynge
For blame
Now fare well manhode I must wende
Manhode
¶ Now fare well conscyence myne owne frende
Conscyence
¶ I praye you manhode haue god in mynde
And beware of folye and shame
Manhode
¶ Yes/yes/ye come wynde and rayne
God let hym neuer come here agayne
Now he is forwarde I am ryght fayne
For in fayth syr he had nere counsayled me all amys
A/a now I haue be thought me yf I shall heuen wyn
Conscyence techynge I must begyn
And clene forsake the kynges of synne
That the worlde me taught
And conscyence seruaunt wyll I be

And beleue as he hath taught me
Upon one god and persones thre
That made all thynge of nought
For conscyence clere I clepe my kynge
And his knyght in good doynge
For ryght of reason as I fynde
Conscyence techynge is trewe
The worlde is full of boost
And sayth he is of myghtes moost
All his techynge is not worthe a coost
For conscyence he dothe refuse
But yet wyll I hym not forsake
For mankynde he dothe mery make
Thoughe the worlde and conscyence be at debate
yet the worlde wyll I not despyse
For bothe in chyrche and in chepynge
And in other places beynge
The worlde fyndeth me all thynge
And dothe me grete seruyse
Now here full prest
I thynke to ro rest
Now myrthe is best

Folye

¶ What hey/how care awaye
My name is folye I am not gaye
Is here ony man that wyll saye naye
That renneth in this route
A syr god gyue you good eue

Manhode

Stonde vtter felowe where doest ẏ thy curtesy preue

Folye

¶ What I do but clawe myne ars syr be your leue
I praye you syr ryue me this cloute

Manhode

¶ What stonde out thou sayned shrewe

Folye

By by kaythe syr there the cocke crewe
For I take recorde of this rewe
My thedome is nere past

Manhode

¶ Now trewely it may well be so

Folye

¶ By god syr yet haue I felowes mo
For in euery countre where I go
Some man his thryfte hath lost

Manhode

¶ But herke felowe art thou ony craftes man

Folye

¶ Ye syr I can bynde a syue and tynke a pan
And therto a coryous bukler player I am
Aryse felowe wyll thou assaye

Manhode

Now truely syr I trow thou canst but lytell skyl of (playe

Folye

¶ Yes by cockes bones that I can
I wyll neuer fle for no man
That walketh by the waye

Manhode

Felowe thoughe thou haue kumynge
I counsayll the leue thy bostynge
For here thou may thy felowe fynde
Whyder thou wylte at longe or shorte

Folye

¶ Come loke and thou darest aryse and assaye

Manhode

¶ Ye syr but yet conscyence byddeth me naye

Folye

No syr thou darest not in good faye

For truely thou kaylest no false herte

Manhode

What kayst thou haue I a false herte

Folye

Ye syr in good kaye

Manhode

Manhode wyll not that I kaye naye
Defende the folye yf ty you maye
For in feythe I purpose to wete what thou art
How kaylst thou now folye hast thou not a touche

Folye

No ywys but a lytell on my pouche
On all this meyne I wyll me wouche
That stondeth here aboute

Manhode

And I take recorde on all this rewe
Thou hast two touches thoughe I saye but fewe

Folye

Ye this place is not without a shrewe
I do you all out of dewe

Manhode

But herke felowe by thy faythe where was thou borne

Folye

By my faythe in englonde haue I dwelled yore
And all myne auncetters me before
But syr in London is my chefe dwellynge

Manhode

In London/where yf a man the sought

Folye

Syr in holborne I was forthe brought
And with the courtyers I am betaught
To westmynster I vsed to wende

Manhode

Herke felowe why doost thou to westmynster drawe

Folye

For I am a seruaunt of the lawe
Couetous is myne owne felowe
We twayne plete for the kynge
And poore men that come from vplande
We wyll take theyr mater in hande
Be it ryght or be it wronge
Theyr thynge with vs shall wende

Manhode

Now here felowe I praye ye whyder wendest ye thā

Folye

By my feyth syr in to London I ran
To the tauernes to drynke the wyne
And than to the Iunes I toke the waye
And there I was not welcome to the ostelere
But I was welcome to the fayre tapester
And to all the housholde I was ryght dere
For I haue dwelled with her many a daye

Manhode

Now I praye ye whyder toke ye than the waye

Folye

In feythe syr ouer London bryge I ran
And the streyght waye to the stewes I came
And toke lodgynge for a nyght
And there I founde my brother lechery
There men and women dyde folye
And euery man made of me as worthy
As thoughe I hadde ben a knyght

Manhode

I praye the yet tell me mo of thyne aduentures

Folye

In feythe euen streyght to all the freres
And with them I dwelled many yeres
And they crowned folye a kynge

Manhode

I praye the felowe whyder wendest thou the

Folye

Syr all englande to and fro
In to abbeys and in to nonneryes also
And alwaye folye dothe felowes fynde

Manhode

Now herke felowe I praye the tell me thy name

Folye

Iwys I hyght bothe folye and shame

Manhode

A ha thou arte he that conscyence dyd blame
Whan he me taught
I praye the folye go hens and felowe not me

Folye

Yes good syr let me your seruaunt be

Manhode

Naye so mote I thye
For than a shrewe had I caught

Folye

Why good syr what is your name

Manhode

Manhode myghty that bereth no blame

Folye

By ye roode and manhode mysstereth in euery game
Somdele to cherysshe folye
For folye is felowe with the worlde
And greatly beloued with many a lorde
And ytye put me out of your warde
The worlde ryght wroth wyll be

Manhode

Ye syr yet had I leuer the worlde be wrath
Than lete the cunnynge that Conscyence me gaue

Folye

A cuckowe for Conscyence he is but a dawe

He can not elles but preche

Manhode

¶ Ye I praye the leue thy lewde clateryngе
For Conscyence is a counseler for a kynge

Folye

¶ I wolde not gyue a strawe for his techynge
He dooth but make men wrothe
But wottest thou what I saye man
By that ylke trouthe that god me gaue
Had I that bychyde Conscyence in this place
I sholde so bete hym with my staffe
That all his stownes sholde stynke

Manhode

I praye the folye go hens and folowe not me

Folye

¶ Yes syr so mote I thye
Your seruaunt wyll I be
I axe but mete and drynke

Manhode

Peace man I may not haue the for thy name
For thou sayst thy name is bothe folye and shame

Folye

¶ Syr here in this cloute I knyt shame
And clype me but propre folye

Manhode

¶ Ye folye wyll thou be my trewe seruaunt

Folye

¶ Ye syr manhode here my hande

Manhode

Now let vs drynke at this comnaunt
For that is curtesy

Folye

Mary mayster ye shall haue in hast
A ha syrs let the catte wyncke

For all ye wote not what I thynke
I shall drawe hym suche a draught of drynke
That conscyence he shall awaye cast
Haue mayster and drynke well
And let vs make reuell/reuell
For I swere by the chyrche of saynt myghell
I wolde we were at stewes
For there is nothynge but reuell route
And we were there I had no doubte
I sholde be knowen all aboute
Where conscyence they wolde refuse

Manhode

Peas folye my fayre feende
For by cryste I wolde not ẏ conscyence sholde me here (fynde

Folye

Tusshe mayster therof speke no thynge
For conscyence cometh no tyme here

Manhode

¶ Peace folye there is no man that knoweth me

Folye

¶ Syr here my trouthe I plyght to the
And thou wylte go thyder with me
For knowlege haue thou no care

Manhode

¶ Pease but it is hens a grete waye

Folye

¶ Parde syr we may be there on a daye
Ye and we shall be ryght welcome I dare well saye
In estchepe for to dyne
And than we wyll with lombardes at passage playe
And at the popes heed swete wyne assaye
We shall be lodged well a fyne

Manhode

¶ What sayest thou folye is this the best

Folye

Syr all this is manhode well thou knowest

Manhode

¶Now folye go we hens in haste
But fayne wolde I chaunge my name
For well I wote yf conscyence mete me in this tyde
Ryght well I wote he wolde me chyde

Folye

¶Syr for fere of you his face he shall hyde
I shall clepe you shame

Manhode

¶Now gramercy folye my felowe in fere
Go we hens tary no lenger here
Tyll we be gone me thynke it seuen yere
I haue golde and good to spende

Folye

¶A ha mayster that is good chere
And or it be passed halfe a yere
I shall the shere ryght a lewde frere
And hyther agayne the sende

Manhode

¶Folye go before and teche me the waye

Folye

¶Come after shame I the praye
And conscyence clere ye cast awaye
Lo syrs this folye techeth aye
For where conscyence cometh with his cunnynge
Yet folye full fetely shall make hym blynde
Folye before and shame behynde
Lo syrs thus fareth the worlde alwaye

Manhode

¶Now I wyll folowe folye/for folye is my man
Ye folye is my felowe and hath gruen me a name
Conscyence called me manhode folye calleth me shame

Folye wyll me lede to london to lerne reuell
ye and conscyence is but a flaterynge brothell
For euer he is carpynge of care
The worlde and folye counseylleth me to all gladnes
ye and conscyence counseylleth me to all sadnes
ye to moche sadnes myght brynge me in to madnes
¶ now haue good daye syrs to london to seke folye wyll

Conscyence

(I fare

¶ Saye manhode frende whyder wyll ye go

Manhode

¶ Nay syr in faythe my name is not so
Why frere what the deuyll hast thou to do
Whyder I go or abyde

Conscyence

yes syr I myll counsell you for the best

Manhode

¶ I wyll none of thy counsell so haue I rest
I wyll go whyder my lest
For thou canst nought elles but chyde

Conscyence

¶ Lo syrs a grete ensample you may se
The freylnes of mankynde
How oft he falleth in folye
Throughe temptacyon of the fende
For whan the fende and the flesshe be at one assent
Than conscyence clere is clene out cast
Men thynke not on the grete Jugement
That the sely soule shall haue at the last
But wolde god all men wolde haue in mynde
Of the grete daye of dome
How he shall gyue a grete rekenynge
Of euyll dedes that he hathe done
But nedeles syth it is so
That manhode is forthe with folye wende

Mundus & Infans

To seche perseueraunce now wyll I go
With the grace of god omnypotent
His counseylles ben in fere
Perseueraunce counsell is moost dere
Nexte to hym is conscyence clere
From synnynge
Now in to this presence to cryst I praye
To spede me well in my Journaye
Fare well lordynges and haue good daye
To seke perseueraunce wyll I wende

Perseueraunce

Now cryst our comely creature clerer thã crystal clene
That craftly made euery creature by good recreacyon
Saue all this company that is gathered here bydene
And set all your soules in to good saluacyon
Now good god ꝑ is moost wyseſt and welde of wyttes
This company/counsell/comforte and glad
And saue all this symolytude that semely here syttes
Now good god for his mercy that all men made
Now mary moder mekest that I mene
Shelde all this company from euyll Inuersacyon
And saue you from our enemy as she is bryght & clene
And at ꝑ last day of dome delyuer you frõ euerlastynge
Syrs perseueraunce is my name (dampnacõn
Conscyence bozne bzoder is
He sente me hyder mankynde to endoctryne
That they sholde to no vyces enclyne
For ofte mankynde is gouerned amys
And throughe foly mankynde is set in shame
Therfore in this presens to cryst I praye
Or that I hens wende awaye
Some good worde that I may saye
To borowe mannes soule from blame

Alas/alas/that me is wo
My lyfe my lykynge I haue forlorne
My rentes my ryches it is all ygo
Alas the daye that I was borne
For I was borne manhode moost of myght
Styffe stronge both stalworthy and stoute
The worlde full worthely hath made me a knyght
All bowed to my byddynge bonerly aboute
Than conscyence clere comely and kynde
Mekely he met me in sete there I sate
He lerned me a lesson of his techynge
And the. vij. deedly synnes full lothely he dyde hate
Pryde wrathe and enuy and couetous in kynde
The worlde all these synnes delyuered me vntyll
Slouthe couetous & lechery ẏ is full of false flaterynge
All these conscyence reproued both lowde and styll
To conscyence I helde vp my hande
To kepe crystes commaundementes
He warned me of folye ẏ traytour & bade me beware
And thus he went his waye
But I haue fallly me forsworne
Alas the daye that I was borne
For body and soule I haue forlorne
I clynge as a clodde in claye
In london many a daye
At the passage I welde playe
I thought to borowe and neuer paye
Than was I sought and set in stockes
In newgate I laye vnder lockes
If I saydought I caught many knockes
Alas where was manhode tho
Alas my lewdenes hath me lost
Where is my body so proude and prest

I coughe and rought my body wyll brest
Age dothe folowe me so
I stare and stacker as I stonde
I grone glysly vpon the grounde
Alas dethe why lettest thou me lyue so longe
I wander as a wyght in wo
And care
For I haue done yll
Now wende I wyll
My selfe to spyll
I care not whyder nor where

Perseueraunce

Well ymet syr/well ymet/and whyder awaye

Age

Why good syr wherby do ye saye

Perseueraunce

Tell me syr I you prayе
And I with you wyll wende

Age

Why good syr what is your name

Perseueraunce

Forsothe syr perseueraunce the same

Age

Syr ye are conscyence brother that me dyd blame
I may not with you lynge

Perseueraunce

Yes/yes Manhode my frende in fere

Age

Nay syr my name is in another maner
For folye his owne selfe was here
And hath clepyd me shame

Perseueraunce

Shame
Nay Manhode let hym go

Folye and his felowes alſo
For they wolde the bryngе in to care and wo
And all that wyll folowe his game

Age

Lye game who ſo game
Folye hath gyuen me a name
So where euer I go
He clypped me ſhame
Now manhode is gone
Folye hath folowed me ſo
Whan I fyrſt from my moder cam
The worlde made me a man
And faſt in ryches I ran
Tyll I was dubbed a knyght
And than I met with conſcyence clere
And he me ſet in ſuche manere
Me thought his techynge was full dere
Bothe by daye and nyght
And than folye met me
And ſharpely he beſet me
And from conſcyence he fet me
He wolde not fro me go
Many a daye he keped me
And to all folkes he cleped me
Fro ſhame
And vnto all ſynnes he ſet me
Alas that me is wo
For I haue falſely me forſworne
Alas that I was borne
Body and ſoule I am but lorne
Me lyketh neyther gle nor game

Perſeueraunce

Nay/nay/manhode ſaye not ſo
Be ware of wanhode for he is a fo

A newe name I shall gyue you to
I clepe you repentaunce
For and you here repente your synne
Ye are possyble heuen to wynne
But with grete contrycyon ye must begynne
And take you to abstynence
For thoughe a man had do alone
The deedly synnes euerychone
And he with contrycyon make his mone
To cryst our heuen kynge
God is also gladde of hym
As of the creature that neuer dyde syn

Age

Now good syr how sholde I contrycyon begyn

Perseueraunce

Syr in shrykte of mouthe without barpenge.
And another enlample I shall shewe you to
Thynke on Peter and Poule and other mo.
Thomas/James/and Johan also
And also mary Maudeleyn
For Poule dyde crystes people grete bylany
And Peter at the passyon forsoke cryst thryes
And Maudelayne lyued longe in lechery
And sayut thomas byleued not in the resurrecyon
And yet these to cryst are derlynges dere
And now be sayntes in heuen clere
And therfore thoughe ye haue trespased here
I hope ye be sory for your synne

Age

Ye perseueraunce I you plyght
I am sory for my synne bothe daye and nyght
I wolde fayne lerne with all my myght
How I sholde heuen wynne

Perseueraunce

So to wynne heuen. v. neſſarye thynges there ben
That muſt be knowen to all mankynde
The. v. wyttes doth begynne
Syr bodely and ſpyrytually

Age

Of the. v. wyttes I wolde haue knowynge

Perſeueraunce

Forſoth syr herynge/ſeynge/and ſmellynge
The remenaunte taſtynge/and felynge
Theſe ben the. v. wyttes bodely
And syr other. v. wyttes there ben

Age

Syr perſeueraunce I knowe not them

Perſeueraunce

Now repentaunce I ſhall you ken
They are the power of the ſoule
Clere in mynde there is one
Imagynacyon and all reaſon
Underſtondynge and compaſſyon
Theſe belonge vnto perſeueraunce

Age

Gramercy perſeueraunce for your trewe techynge
But good syr is there ony more behynde
That is neceſſary to all mankynde
Frely for to knowe

Perſeueraunce

Ye repentaunce more there be
That euery man muſt on byleue
The. xij. artycles of the fayth
That mankynde muſt on trowe
The fyrſt that god is in one ſubſtaunce
And alſo that god is in thre perſones
Begynnynge and endynge without varyaunce
And all this worlde made of nought

The seconde that the sone of god syker ly
Toke flesshe and blode of the vyrgyn mary
Without touchynge of mannes flesshe companye
This must be in euery mannes thought
The thyrde that that same god sone
Borne of that holy vyrgyn
And she after his byrthe mayden as she was before
And clener in all kynde
Also the fourthe that same cryst god and man
He suffred payne and passyon
Bycause of mannes soule redempcyon
And on a crosse dyde hynge
The fyfte artycle I shall you tell
Than the sprytte of godhed went to hell
And bought out the soules that there dyde dwell
By the power of his owne myght
The .vi. artycle I shall you saye
Cryst rose vpon the thyrde daye
Very god and man without naye
That all shall deme and dyght
He sent mannes soule in to heuen
Moste all the aungelles euery chone
There is the fader the sone / and ỹ sothfast holy goost
The eyght artycle we must beleue on
That same god shall come downe
And deme mannes soule at the daye of dome
And on mercy than must we truste
The .ix. artycle with outen stryfe
Euery man mayden and wyfe
And all the bodyes that euer bare lyfe
And at the daye of dome body and soule shall pere
Truely the .x. artycle is
All they that hath keppd goddes scripte

They ſhall be crowned in heuen blyſſe
As cryſtes ſeruauntes to hym full dere
The.xi.artycle the ſothe to ſayne
All that hath falſely to god gayded them
They ſhall be put in to hell payne
There ſhall be no ſynne couerynge
Syr after the.xij.we muſt wyrche
And byleue in all the ſacramentes of holy chyrche
That they ben neceſſary to both laſt and fyrſte
To all maner of mankynde
Syr ye muſt alſo here ⁊ knowe ꝯ commaũdemẽtes.x.
Lo ſyr this is your beleue and all men
Do after it and ye ſhall heuen wyn
Without doubte I knowe

Age

Gramercy perſeueraunce for your trewe techynge
For in the ſpyryte of my ſoule wyll I fynde
That it is neceſſary to all mankynde
Truely for to knowe
Now ſyrs take all enſample by me
How I was borne in ſymple degre
The worlde ryall receyued me
And dubbed me a knyght
Than conſcyence met me
So after hym came folye
Folye falſely deceyued me
Than ſhame my name hyght

Perſeueraunce

Aye and now is your name repentaunce
Throughe the grace of god almyght
And therfore without ony dyſtaunce
I take my leue of kynge and knyght
And I praye to Jheſu whiche as made vs all
Couer you with his mantell perpetuall Amen.

Here endeth the Interlude of Mundus & Infans. Imprynted at London in Fletestrete at the lygne of ỹ Sonne by me Wynkyn de worde. The yere of our Lorde M.CCCCC.and.xxij. The.xvij.daye of July.

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